



# *Jerome*

Anastasia Forfotă



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*a collection of threaded poems*

# Jerome

Bucharest, 2021

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Jerome

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*To whoever has wings that burn  
To whoever burnt his wings  
To whoever doesn't need them  
To fly where he already is*



**Ships of God**

The ship of God threatens to take me away  
to take me  
back to where all spirits came  
from, the air or the sea, it is the same  
when waves or gushes hit my nape,  
when they hit the base of my spine,  
coil a finger 'round the marrow  
and squeeze  
- do they expect it to give?

To give what?

    a dropped glass  
a cutting shard  
a staining drop  
and a fullstop.  
    to split my spine  
to drink the wine  
from broken brass  
from reddened grass  
    it's such a waste  
in such a haste  
to reach for hand  
and grip the sand

and yet...

My breath through the marrow comes,  
narrow from a finger, from a hand  
and I turn around and find  
- well, I find all that I can.

The ship of God awaits still on the shore.  
I might join its voyage then - but nothing more  
for sure.

**Bird's Eye**

This bird is an unknown bird,  
trapped inside a cage;  
it sings but isn't heard,  
blinded by its rage.  
I try to quieten  
the vowels and the crane,  
the melody of it,  
the weepingness, the sweet  
defilement of ease,  
a raw and unkempt seed  
- it spits it out;  
I want to shout

Go!  
And leave me be!

But it doesn't flee its cage  
even when it's free;  
it merely stays, deranged,  
and watches my defeat:  
my lips are sewn and cut,  
the seed behind my teeth,  
— it hits to make them bleed —  
do not let it out  
for it shall bury me.



Lus

With sky ahead,  
rotten teeth taint your name,  
they spit it on graves,  
on pavements,  
expecting just judgement,  
a clean act  
to come out their bitter mouth,  
since they know better than you  
who you are,  
what you've done,  
what you think

With blink blinked in distance  
missed  
as any other sea,  
at last now you wake from non-being,  
you clean yourself of tar  
from their imaginings  
and dress yourself in copper,  
in a thought,  
in a white light,  
like a face of moon unfull  
whose you try to guess a shape  
and shade.

Cu cerul înainte,  
dinți stricați îți spurcă numele,  
ți-l scuipă pe morminte,  
pe trotuare,  
așteptând o judecată justă,  
o faptă curată  
să iasă din gura lor amară,  
căci ei știu mai bine decât tine  
cine ești,  
ce-ai făcut,  
ce gândești

Cu clipa clipită-n zare  
ratată  
ca orice altă mare,  
abia acum te scoli din neființă,  
te cureți de pucioasa  
închipuirii lor  
și te-mbraci în cupru,  
într-un gând,  
într-o lumină albă,  
ca o față de lună neplină  
căreia încerci să-i ghicești forma  
și umbra.

**A Note Came to Shore**

My love  
wrote me a note  
saying

"I have to go."

Nothing more, words, only four,  
and he went.  
Later he said  
through a messenger now dead

"I'm lost;  
please send for me."

But I've not yet found myself,  
and my lips are sewn,  
what other use've I alone?  
My feet's trails've been washed away,  
the blood shed, swallowed by a wave.  
A gunshot loud and clear  
buzzes by my ear  
telling me to Wake up!  
It all has been a dream.  
When I open my eyes,  
the note lays crumpled in the sea,  
the red steals what tides bring  
and hides it where you're hidden.

"I'm lost;  
please send for me."

**Lux Alba**

Perhaps I come as well  
to see your salted drop on face,  
weak nature of lost men.

Perhaps I come to throw myself  
after the serpent round your neck,  
sweet choke o' freedom  
of hollow death, lacking taste.

Why come? To stay  
aside, powerless, to run,  
to flee a constancy from you, to drink  
lies of an expensive life,  
to sit on groots, to play them.  
Crack the wood, splinter of an elbow,  
dagger of a naked moon,  
white light you inspire from me, and I  
your soul expire.

Perhaps I come as well  
to join you.

Poate vin și eu  
să-ți văd un strop sărat pe față,  
slabă fire de om dus.

Poate vin să mă arunc  
după șarpele ce-l porți la gât,  
sugrum dulce-al libertății  
de moarte seacă, fără gust.

De ce să vii? Să stai  
deoparte, neputincios, să fugi,  
constant s-alergi în urma ta, să bei  
minciuni de viață scumpă,  
să te-așezi pe-un ciot, să-l câști.  
Sparge lemnul, așchie de-un cot,  
pumnal de lună goală,  
lumină albă mi-o inspiri, iar eu  
expir sufletul tău.

Poate vin și eu  
să ți m-alătur.

**Mercury**

The shade of crown hovers over the oasis  
In which an elder mountain melted, and  
clouds bristle slow in it, devouring.  
A brute stone, translucent, 's waking  
its soul and foam, whispering  
"There is no death..."  
Then, with lips a crater and mind  
volcano, the sky shouts  
"There is no life!"  
And I say, with mouth full  
of fire, of smoke, of cinder that drowns,  
"If I could not live  
and yet  
nor shall I die,  
then love s'an impression  
as well."

Only I exist and dissolve in me.

**Mercur**

Umbra coroanei atârnă peste oaza  
în care un vechi munte s-a topit, iar  
norii se scutură încet în ea, marcând-o.

O piatră brută, translucidă, -i  
trezește sufletul și spuma, șoptind  
"Nu există moarte..."

Apoi, cu buzele un crater și mintea  
un vulcan, cerul zbiară  
"Nu există viață!"

Iar eu spun, cu gura plină  
de foc, de fum, de cenușă care-neacă,  
"Dacă nu am putut trăi

și totuși  
nici nu voi muri,  
atunci iubirea-i o impresie  
și ea."

Doar eu exist și mă dizolv în mine

**No Mind, No Fear, No Care**

Look at my face: it's a blank page.  
I have written on it once,  
but the ink has smudged  
since then.  
Rip the paper, you might find  
the soul.  
But no, another sheet of white  
stands there, alone,  
another  
martyr of a known  
tyrant-  
the sentiment, the dire  
resentment  
washed away by lack of thought,  
mad, I'm mad! I'm free at last,  
I can no longer smile  
or fast,  
I can no longer whiff the dust,  
I can rest, yes, dull rest  
in peace long after my own death.

To fear death is a choice.  
I fear nothing.  
Not even life.

**Aloneness, Not**

In times of aloneness, I am not truly alone.  
For I have long lived your life that life's old livings  
are no more than a ficlet, or a dream.  
I have long not lived, and I am tired of dying.  
In my aloneness I prefer to stand alone,  
and to breathe from my own breath,  
to burn by my restless bets  
of recklessness inquires,  
than to have my skin shed from me  
for a thing I didn't do.  
Oh, my shadow, leave me then  
alone  
as I am tired, so tired,  
of dying with you.

**The Last Revolt and Repent**

I am placed  
in a here of no existence,  
spaceless place and timeless hour,  
to float in non-body for as long as  
my soul allows it,  
to float throughout the warped  
sheet of the world, unmoved.  
And the shelter's grey  
- or is it deathless peril? -  
white mist coveting the eyes,  
I have no eyes,  
blank fog censoring my words,  
I have no lips,  
bleached black silencing the silence,  
but where are my ears.  
There is little here that I find  
real, there is so much  
more that I imagine.  
I wish for creeping thoughts of  
resolution, resolved in redolence,  
I wish for remembrance of me, I wish  
I once more was.  
I might be imagining myself.  
I wish I could cry  
when you touch my head,  
I wish I could die  
again, again,  
forever, I wish I could kiss you  
once more so I can remember  
what it is I miss,  
I wish I could grab at your hand  
- how did you make yourself in here  
if I am not  
and here is not  
how can you be the sole  
constant in ruin without end -  
I wish I could yell  
Forgive me  
Forgive me  
Forgive me  
God!...

Your hand is still atop my head.  
I close my eyes.

**The Filter**

It is so easy to tell when people lie.  
But when they tell the truth  
which words survive?  
It is not unlike the tale of the snake in the river.  
The serpent slithers  
and spits its venom,  
whoever drinks the water dies,  
and yet you never know  
whether it's the poison or the medicine inside,  
as the snake is subtle and duplicit,  
and whether the deaths were of murder  
or of dread  
- it never is explicit.



**The Truth Is True Only If Understood (Otherwise It Is a Lie)**

Hereth comes forth the lion,  
In a petticoat dressed as iron.  
It can kill with shards that wrench the mouth  
From mouth of a mouth  
It can become that which once was  
It can mortify and it can relieve  
It can believe  
In senselessness of sense  
Beautiful pretence,  
A hand for a hand  
Shaken by a strand  
of truth  
For whatever he says is true  
if understood  
and if it's not, then is it lie,  
Is it an apple  
instead of a head  
A suit instead of a body  
Instead of a corpse  
Empty, empty, emptied  
Of all force  
Of nothingness  
Of non-senselessness,  
Multiplied.  
I am the tiger,  
aren't I?  
Which brings the cloth over a moth  
That hath eaten it,  
Has bathed in it,  
Which brings a claw over a mouth,  
Mouth of a mouth  
From a mouth that kisses,  
Kisses the eye,  
Hereth 'tis I, eye for an eye,  
The truth, composed  
self and overused,  
the truth of solitude  
the truth of a lie  
a lie from a lie for you to lie on at night  
For you to sleep and dream  
I speak the truth and they die  
Unknowingly  
Their only goal is to survive,  
Their only truth, a lie,  
My once contorted face, a sigh,

Finally  
The tiger with its pantomime  
Cleanses hollow hearts, eats them,  
For the tiger is sublime  
Takes the night's black stripes  
Upon its face, its eyes,  
It dies to destroy lies  
It lives  
To paint its mouth  
Mouth from a mouth upon a mouth  
A smile  
The tiger dies  
And with it goes the truth  
Behind are only lies.

**If you're fast enough you disappear.**

He wanders through the forest like it's a cage.  
He wonders at the bars as they break,  
he bites them.  
It's just the rage  
- but then he wakes.  
He wanders the sands, the dunes,  
such a becoming sight, it moulds his colours,  
it makes him fit,  
and he roars at the prospect, he spits.  
"What's wrong with uniformity?" they ask him,  
oblivious to his contempt, the casket  
and the poorly build-up tent.  
There lies no answer, only pretence.  
He cannot fathom a land of boredom incarnate,  
all the same, all the same, overly complex.  
He wraps the rope around his frame  
in hopes to choke on it, as tame  
is just another common wish.  
No, he likes the burn  
and the black marks, the churn  
of his weak mask.  
He likes the pain.  
If he's not free, he'd rather  
not at all be.  
Oh, the tiger, he dissects  
the self's ribs, he collects  
contested sins,  
and his motion is so violent  
that it almost appears still.

**Whirlwind**

Grief is much like fear,  
I heard.  
Yeh, I heard it empties your soul,  
and then you're frantic,  
blindly searching for a core.  
I heard you need to spin,  
and twirl fast, so fast, and faster,  
so there's motion in the world, and then you're still.  
You feel naught besides the movement,  
and it moves you brisk  
and then-

...

... you breathe...

...

I heard grief is much like fear,  
but if it's grief or fear I feel,  
it doesn't matter.  
I know I need to twirl,  
not unlike the blind eye of the storm,  
so that I no longer am  
at all.

**In Forlorn Wells**

The crude cries come  
from deep throats, lungs  
have foretold hums  
of chasm songs, yet...  
They part in pain,  
the weeps of rain  
long have caressed  
shallow parades  
stripped nude of shame,  
just God remains  
above brimmed wells  
to soothe their strains.  
Deserted here,  
said 'safe and sound',  
in lost lives bared  
we have been found.  
Oh God, hear us!  
Lean down your ear,  
we've been abused  
- there's no one near...

**Dream, Awaken to...**

... Serendipity.  
You did, you do, you shall, you

**Vis, trezit la...**

... Serendipitate.  
Tu ai, tu da, tu vei, tu

**Thought**

It hit me like a fist  
or like a wave in the back  
I hadn't seen coming.  
I didn't see it coming.  
I'm trying to catch my breath -  
it's fallen out of rhythm -  
a new one is set,  
but this one is a schism.

I love him.  
I don't know why, but I love him.  
I need him, it seems, for living.

**Gând**

M-a lovit ca un pumn  
sau ca un val în spate  
pe care nu l-am văzut venind.  
Nu am prevăzut nimic.  
Încerc să-mi recapăt suflul -  
a decăzut aritmic -  
mă învăț cu noul,  
dar acesta-i schismatic.

Îl iubesc.  
Nu știu de ce, dar îl iubesc.  
Am nevoie de el, aparent, ca să trăiesc.

**Reason**

I love you simply because I love you,  
because the way that I love you is reason enough for me to love you.

Because if you were fire I would burn up in your flame,  
just to be a little closer.

Because if you were light I would turn blind at the sight of you,  
and still not shut my eyes in pain.

Because if you were Sun I would be Icarus  
and I'd build wings merely to reach you,  
just for a moment,  
for a minute glimpse,  
and then fall in the abyss,  
admitting sweet defeat.

If you were candle I would pray before you,  
and then bend to kiss your heat.  
And if you asked me of my burnt lips  
my confessional would be discreet  
- so much that you wouldn't know what it means.  
I would tell you that absences hunger me  
and that I need to eat,  
but that the presences - God - devour me  
and barely let me live.

And if you looked at me I'd burst ablaze  
because it is your presence I kiss.

It is because of your hands that mine tremble  
and because of your tears that I whimper,  
it is your eyes that I miss  
even when they're near,  
it is your reprieve  
    or your glare  
- they burn me either way -  
it is for you that I pray,  
it is for you that I'm here,  
it is for you that I stay,  
it is for you that I breathe,  
it is you that I bow to,  
it is you that I'm blind to  
- even when it is you alone I see -  
it is you, it is you-



It is because I love you,  
because I love you, because I love you,  
(because I don't know how not to,)  
because I love you, because-

That's it.  
There are no words for it.

**Myth of Moon and Flight**

Because I saw an ethereal being  
that was and is and shall,  
as in all the heavens dwell,  
live eternal in grand life,  
for in what else might his wings gorge themselves,  
but the odd and everlasting death?

I seem to give an explanation for  
already passed past events,  
not defined through words but senses,  
as I cannot word them yet.

How could my  
lead tongue improve  
a memory so vividly true,  
how could my breaths, short, describe an  
endlessness of sorts?  
How, how, how, I howl all questions to the Moon,  
but she feigns indifference now, hiding  
soft behind the sun,  
she weeps,  
just as I wept,  
watching the being step by step, she  
sings the tune that we dance to,  
she cries, and we ask  
Why?  
But then she lies,  
and the shadows that she casts  
not as trails but as the sea they part  
our islands, one by one  
to part our ways and split our hearts.

And we ask  
Who?  
Who are you,  
being outcast from the Moon,  
to have wings as birds that fly,  
to have worms that crawl nearby,  
Who are you?

We call them angels,  
those with wings that we know not,  
and even if we knew them how could we not?  
As the oil sky drips its melted  
fire, indigo aflame and lightened,

onto our heads giving us crowns,  
do we not moan?  
Do we not howl?

Because I saw an ethereal being,  
and I knew not the answers  
to disquiet contrasting critiques,  
the view placed in the shadows, trees  
swallowed by the bees,  
moths eloped in the moonlight,  
and yet I could see...

If worms eat birds will they still fly?

**Tribute to the White Eagle**

Have you ever heard of the white eagle?

Let me tell you of his legendary flight,  
stories of travels and terrors of night:

The dusk is near and the eagle  
long forgotten in the shadows flies,  
seeks to find a lonely feather.  
Feather alone it hides in the stones  
deep under rivers that ancients condone  
yet flow in offensive distrust  
between mountains of high pines, of ashes and dust.  
So the eagle high cries a battle howl,  
he sharp looks for the feather he's lost,  
he's lost in his searches and never he stops  
for a breath or a sigh, he never does yield, nigh,  
and the white eagle flies in  
the darkness, survives the pretences  
of low-cost expenses, he  
dies when the dawn comes, and  
then he revives,  
he's master of shadows and veiled tones and lies;  
and below the white  
feathers as graced by the twilight  
low stand the moorish strands  
of an abandoned land,  
low stand their lands,  
extinct by the white hand.

Oh, you people,  
you have been watched by the white eagle,  
and not once did you recall,  
and not once did you atone.

**Reason for Mankind**

Lord,  
why are we here?

Are we here to pretend  
when they ask us questions,  
Are we here to defend  
our historical position,  
Are we here to resent  
those that feed us fiction,  
Are we here to repent  
at the feet of civilization?

Or are we here to protest?  
Are we here to forgive?  
Are we here to digest  
what they're willing to give?

Lord,  
are we here to cry?  
When they hate us,  
are we to oblige?  
Should we instead abide  
when they're throwing stones  
and be silent till they condone?

Lord,

Are we here to die?

**Folk**

At the end of times all gods  
shall rise from their graves  
and walk the earth.  
And if they find not their temples,  
they shall inhabit the air  
and, like imaginary machines,  
they will feel nothing when they leave.  
For the gods are silent,  
and they crave more  
than that which has been given to them,  
since, just as mortals, they too die  
and wake again.

**After My Death, but with a Name**

I will not leave you with a word  
after my death, but with a name  
on a blank paper and empty  
of any substance.

I will not leave you, my dear children,  
but with the poison you expected  
of me to swallow.

Why are you then so surprised?

I will not leave you with a word  
after my death, but with a name.  
Search then not for me,  
but wait.

**Nadir**

you came with fog before  
as a balm  
as a breeze  
you came with a dead leaf  
and a crumpled robe  
you came as a weeping  
for those who to you sing  
only to later spit  
where they once have placed their lips  
you came  
so that i see you  
so that you see me  
you trickled like a tear  
like a stream  
of struggle of sea of spring of mountain  
of whatever  
you came so you can go  
you came so you can die  
you came so that i kill you  
and i didn't want to  
as i know better what you want than you

veneai cu ceață înainte  
ca o salve  
ca o boare  
veneai cu o frunză moartă  
și o robă șifonată  
veneai ca un plânset  
pentru cei ce-ți fac cântec  
numai ca apoi să scuipe  
unde-au sărutat  
veneai  
ca să te văd  
ca să mă vezi  
curgeai ca o lacrimă  
ca un șuvoi  
de chin de mare de izvor de munte  
de orice  
veneai ca să pleci  
veneai ca să mori  
veneai să te omor  
și eu n-am vrut  
căci știu mai bine ce vrei tu



**oh god**

night is clear to read the paper  
the star-map of the soul  
everyone is speaking of  
whispers  
of the down and of the dawn  
the bird of prayer travels time  
travels space and flies through minds  
they are murmuring your name  
chalices and chalices  
they have drunk your blood in vain  
fire-dangled in the wind  
our worries and our sins  
our monstrous appearance  
before the court  
before the clearance

i could have lost everyone  
but not you  
oh god  
not you

**Such a Simple Question**

How do I love you?  
Oh, such a simple question.  
Yet, how  
do I love you?

Like a father, like a son;  
like a brother, like a friend;  
like a lover... like myself...  
Why does it matter?

It is a deep well and I drown in it,  
and still from this water I draw my last breath.  
It all begins and ends with you.  
For who are you? If not  
another lover, another friend,  
and another part of myself.

Fortunate are you in your solace,  
solitude sublime and  
ignorance, a prestige.  
Fortunate are you  
in your aloneness.  
As in no moment do you belong to the world  
- see that you never do.

**Wound Me**

Your shoulder is terrifying, my dear.  
It is warm, hot even.  
In what hour do we find ourselves?

Of decline,  
word arrives,  
Of border and of grave,  
nothing shall be left  
very soon, very soon

In cross bless me,  
as I cross you,  
in crossroad  
and crucifix,

Love me,  
as me I love,  
with needs  
and with outrage,

Wound me,  
as I you wound,  
with death  
and with dreams  
splintered  
by death,

Kill us  
and thus  
nothing shall be left  
in peace.

**Doare-mă**

Umărul tău este terifiant, iubire.  
Este cald, aproape ars.  
În ce ceas ne aflăm?

De declin,  
vine-un cuvânt,  
De hotar și de mormânt,  
nimic nu va mai fi  
în curând, în curând

Închină-mă,  
așa cum te închin eu,  
în chin  
și cruce,

Iubește-mă,  
așa cum mă iubesc eu,  
cu nevoi  
și cu furie,

Doare-mă,  
așa cum te dor eu,  
cu moarte  
și cu vise  
sparte  
de moarte,

Omoară-ne  
și așa  
nimic nu va mai fi  
în pace.

**Conceal**

Pain me  
so I can paint you  
a picture  
so small,  
a portrait  
for all my vacancies,  
to fill them up with you.

And the gaps, gaping  
at the luxury of you,  
luscious labels  
and perfume,  
to consume what was  
and has dissolved,

to kill, to kill, to kill,

and like Lazarus to rise  
above all,  
for if God were to let you go,  
there would be nothing left,

but death, but death, but death,

and a small portrait  
in a locked drawer.

**Do not disturb.**

Today is the last day  
on the face of the earth.

We die and we speak  
as if death's our last reward,  
as if  
the distance to walk is so very short,  
from desert to shore, from essence  
to naught.

All our dances,  
all our carefully chosen words,  
to cover the silence.

Alone, alone, alone.

**Hiraeth**

Erase me,  
erase me, darling,  
from your mind,  
the sweet smell of almonds  
a brain,  
oranges in the air  
erased  
with a razor-  
blade, I suppose it could work,  
in case you're willing to go  
through with it.

But the whiff of you is faded,  
I've forgotten it  
or at least I am trying very hard to  
and now everything is bland  
and sour  
not unlike decapitated flowers  
starting to get dry,  
starting to fall,  
starting to die.

Is this how it's going to be?  
Shall we perish  
unrooted  
and  
torn apart,  
siblings from our Mother's heart  
that once in ecstasy were saved  
and now are killed, of sun depraved,  
it this our vertigo?

Is this the way we'll go?  
Our vows, unemptied  
by reminiscent perfumes,  
sing us a song

I might be popping out of my head  
from too many thoughts  
of you, too many,  
how can I erase you?  
Wipe out my crevices  
like a white sheet  
and then I'll remember  
vacant bed

and I am back again.

Water, water,  
our sole refuge,  
The Great Escape  
from oasis burnt in the desert,  
close to the pyramids,  
even closer  
to the truth  
of the two dead narcissus.

Our time has come;  
erase us.

**21 Days**

Give me some time  
away, away, away,  
afar from the sunrays,  
give me some hours,  
give me three weeks, let's say  
that I will manage it,  
that the minute is terminal  
only in your mind,  
believe me there's no time,  
believe me  
and run, run, run  
where your core guides you,  
where your mind leaves you  
alone, alone, alone,  
just as I am  
in death, alone,  
give me some days,  
just twenty-one,  
and it will be finished,  
I promise you.

What will?  
Your death  
or  
your life?



**Prospect for Death**

What would you do,  
as a star set into the sky,  
slip of a brush onto the blackness,  
what would you do if you died?

As when I gaze upward,  
what remains of death but for a word?  
There's nothing left of you  
but for the ray steering at the loon,  
remains of a light  
long passed yet only now arrived,  
remains of a life,  
inheritance of that which has flown by,  
remnants from a soul,  
scattered across as dust, spread amongst us all.

And from your vast and endless ruin,  
ancient relics still ascend  
and dance in spite of moonlight charring  
losses from which you've been sent.

What would you have done, then,  
if you had died?  
Well, in my awakening collapse, my dear,  
I would have sighed.

**No Regret.**

I stare in space as you are breathe,  
as you be shutting as a bud,  
tempting in your luscious petal,  
a rose with lacerating thorns.

What have I plucked from mine eyes,  
to spill a sea, to spit a star?  
For of all I've ever laughed in tears,  
all have been and spit on me.

I'm encroached in void, to die,  
to engulf myself in world;  
I stay an ethereal cry,  
an empty soul and a bemoan.

Empty - of guilt, of sin,  
image of a painted saint,  
and my centre is a foam.

No regret, no regret...  
but a regret is left in you.

**Nu regret.**

Privesc în gol cum te răsuflă,  
cum te închizi ca un boboc,  
ispititor 'n-a ta petală,  
un trandafir și ghimpii.

Ce-am cules din ochii mei,  
să dau o mare, să scuip o stea?  
Căci de toate-am râs plângând,  
toate-au fost și m-au scuipat.

M-am chircit în vid, să mor,  
să mă-nconjur în lume;  
eu am trăit nemuritor,  
un suflet gol și-un nume.

Gol - de vină, de păcat,  
imaginea-unui sfânt pictat,  
iar centrul meu e spumă.

Nu regret, nu regret...  
dar un regret rămas e-n tine.

**Dear One,**

"Dear One,

I have long postponed the words,  
to write them from my deepest chords,  
for I so far have thought to me,  
What's with all this mystery?  
Why not let it all be known?  
Why tell lies to have truth shown?

As they were weeping your demise,  
I myself were a disguise  
of shadows lengthened  
over valleys,  
of ashes scattered  
over stories  
which I've told to tell a lie  
that I'm dead and yet don't die,  
that I live and yet don't sigh,  
and in sleep I never cry.  
Oh, but weeps are long and dry, let me tell you  
- or let me tell I -  
and from tears I drink my breath,  
and from dreams I smell my death  
to never pass, in vain to stay  
and tell me secrets of its game.

But who are you - and who am I?  
I've been wrong for all this time  
to think that I might be of use  
- the shadow is then but a fuse;  
And all our searches, in the end,  
With empty answers have been met.

Yet there's one more question left:  
Is there really no regret?"

All those borders, never bent  
All those letters, never sent

**Mockingbird**

If my weeping corpse too grave  
sits under the forest lane,  
kiss it soft on my behalf,  
Promise it to mourn by half,  
'Cause from it shall I return  
Hollow from my spirit's burn;  
Yet from sky I'll fly toward  
You, just like a mockingbird,  
To kiss the grave that I've been in,  
To welcome you into my dream.  
And them, who've waited me in trial,  
I shall damn into denial.

**Innermost**

So the little spark of indigo  
has learnt how to talk.  
It whispers in my ear  
close to every dawn  
a secret, known by naught  
but by its light  
hidden in the shade.  
So the little spark speaks  
slowly, so I can see  
its meaning.  
Each time I hear it, I say 'No.'  
'No, it cannot be so.  
You must be wrong.  
If that's the man, I must find flaw.  
If that's the fraud, I must find law.  
You can never be right.'  
I know my death shall come  
from my mind alone,  
never from my indigo,  
as I'm a fool  
that knows not how to listen.

**Theophany**

Whisper in my ear a melody  
So I can stay inspired  
Whisper in my ear  
Sweet devil  
All my heart's desire  
Even when it's lies  
I will twist them  
And make of them my words  
To write with on a floorboard  
In a cell  
Wet and forgotten by all  
On a window  
Barred and shut like a grave  
Like twelve ribs  
Break them and you die  
Whisper in my ear  
And I'll pretend that I can hear  
And that I'm not deaf  
Like everybody else

**The Confidant's**

The camel's hair's their made up lair  
Made up from sand and prayer  
I wash the camel's feet and mane  
A beauty of the desert  
They desert him when he needs their aid  
But water from himself he takes it  
For what a cost  
A sword and ear  
To end the utmost  
Of three years  
For him my soles have led me near  
But he had passed through needle's ear  
And I in my imagined fear  
Have hanged myself in try to veer  
Toward forlorn a well and lost an ear  
And in that one a spear

**To the Dream**

You are not dead.  
Not after the gravity of  
the fall, collapse of a curtain  
call, not after the ecstasy of youth  
lost, rejuvenated in a great cost,  
no after in the silence, I hear no  
words spoken, but I can see.  
What semblance of a difference  
between you and I can you imagine,  
sole heart makes way in soul's brain,  
giveaway to give pain away,  
to blend it into a body,  
into an art,  
conjunction of two stars, celestial at last,  
to take love from your love and take it apart,  
to see it as two parts, to part it, to feel,  
to fast your path through a return, no,  
to must as a sensation of life, jubilation  
in reborn ash, new-born moon  
blue as the dust, the dust, remains  
of a song, are you listening?  
of a song, are you listening?  
of a song, are you listening?  
The strange behaviour of your doom, of star  
rays shooting in my eyes,  
they blind them, ridiculous disguise  
of indifference to all the noise and all the lies  
of after, of mirage  
in mirrors and the whys  
of the poor souls who prefer to dine  
on black and white letters, papers  
burning up in a fireplace somewhere,  
I might have had the lighter  
as to light my proof of you,  
as proof of life in impossible surprise,  
serendipity for the few,  
as proof of raw contempt in a fashionable sense,  
a show, applause rows  
are given in blissed awes,  
As proof aloneness of I  
who never thought would learn to die.



**Letter to the Undead**

Give me back to me  
when you die.  
There'll be 'f no use to you then,  
my empty body,  
undead and unrested.  
I shan't ever shut an eye again  
after your departure  
- you'll have taken the dreams away  
and the nightmares.  
Shut the window, though;  
in that hour  
many souls seek solace,  
and I'm afraid I'd follow.

**Dead Dream**

What have you done?  
You made up a promise and yet  
you've broken it.  
Now they are mourning you again.

**Enemy, won't you**

Enemy, enemy,  
won't you congratulate me  
for my numerous apologies  
to all those whom I've lost,  
and all that which I've sent  
away, away,  
to sail as ships on windless seas,  
won't you  
punish my thoughts  
for daring  
to speak, won't you  
slap my lips  
apart, won't you kiss them,  
red flag, white flag,  
carnal truce and quiet stab,  
  
enemy, enemy

**Encounter**

Haven't you conceived for a trice that  
I am not beguiling?  
That I desire you well and love and marbles?  
You see colours of purple stained on  
my hands, my semblance,  
you hear them in  
my voice and  
read them in  
my words.  
You deluded them and now  
put the blame on me.  
We collided, yet  
you assume I'm someone else.  
How dare you name me rascal?  
I have my limits.  
It seems you don't.

**Don't Let It Fool You**

Rain, have mercy on my soul!  
Don't you see it soiled,  
Slipping through the foil  
Of masks?  
Don't wash it away, the pain is clear,  
Sharp, it obliterates concern,  
The asphyxiation is welcomed,  
It annihilated the turn  
Of blade between ribs.  
The streets seem empty, yet in the corners  
Lurk the beggars, their chant  
Chains like coins, they ask  
For a reprieve,  
Don't you hear them?  
You've washed away their voice  
And now the silence deafens me  
With the infuriating price  
Of the storm's ambush,  
Grey and hollow,  
Grey and hollow,  
And the howls of dogs are all that follows,  
They're the only ones left,  
They still know how to speak.  
And they're rabid, ready to burn  
With biting teeth, ready to hurl  
And take away my soul,  
But I won't let them.  
Their ears are sharper than mine, their eyes  
More furious than I,  
But their mouths tell lies,  
And lies are weak, as you well know.  
Their monstrosities are decor  
To the untamed flame of hell,  
It is waiting for them,  
And I'll be waiting as well.

**Judas' Prayer**

With spring come not the sour grapes,  
With spring comes not the rain,  
With spring the wine like sorrow tastes,  
With spring there comes the pain.

Their chalices forget to fill  
When your foot is set in room;  
You look at us and then you feel  
Our most impending doom.

You feel as much as any man  
Would feel near the end,  
Yet no man carries his cross  
Given to him by friends.

I pray to close my eyes and weep  
And move my sewn-shut mouth,  
I pray to wake myself from sleep  
And from my endless doubt,

I pray that you might again feel  
Even chains or poisoned spears,  
I pray that you might feel the lips  
That on your lips whisper 'My dear,

Forgive that I have left behind  
Upon your cheek a tear;  
Forgive I had a too open mind,  
But a heart that knows just fear.'

Forgive me for my pretenced brain,  
Forgive my insolence, my strain  
To move myself so I impress  
A man whose fate is all too plain.

A blindman might see what I did not:  
That what you knew you shared with lots,  
And they acclaimed your dreadful words,  
But they were blind, just like I was.

For spring is filled with sour grapes,  
And spring is filled with rain,  
But spring's wine like sorrow tastes,  
And spring brings us the pain.

I pray to have mine eyes and see  
Forgiveness on your face,  
I pray to place against your lips  
The kiss of my despair.

## In Contempt

Which is God and which is man?  
One is sea and one is sand,  
One awaits and one compels,  
One creates, one shatters shells,  
but they both like to be quiet,  
yes they both like to be quiet,  
so very quiet I might sink.

And in silence there is  
power,  
And in concrete there is  
power,  
And in blackness there is  
power,  
So much more than I can stand.  
And in speechlessness  
I deafen,  
pry my ears away from  
heaven,  
pry them both, 'cause I'm so tired,  
pry my eyes, for I surrender,  
As I only see remains,  
As I only see remains.

Pry my heart  
                   and see it beating,  
 step on it  
                   and see it bleeding,  
 crushed and calloused  
 from the rope  
 around the veins,  
 the throbs of shard,  
 as I confused the wine with heart,  
 I could not tell them apart,  
 for what is mould  
                   and what is art?

Let me tell you,  
           they're the same!  
 Life in death and life in shame,  
 they are both black and decayed,  
 As I only see remains,  
 As I only see remains.



**And then...**

And then I died  
by burn of rope  
and lack of air  
in my lungs desperately croaking for a breath.  
The gate I opened  
by my severed neck  
was like passage due to cutting of a flower's head.  
And then I flew - or did I flee? - to hyacinths long passed  
of lost souls  
just like mine,  
finding me a redbud tree to climb.  
So then I reached the tree with all its branches;  
it was no soul in sight, only imagines  
of you and I,  
of you and I,  
of you...  
... And I besought then the noose I gathered,  
and then I in my dreamt up damnation died.

**Ha.**

Inhabiting the nothingness,  
I go off  
and grab me  
by the neck.

Trăind în nimicnicie,  
eu mă duc  
și mă apuc  
de gât.

**A-Tempo**

I don't have time for life,  
I have to fall in void,  
to fall, to rise,  
I'm dead leaf on the ride  
to soil, I am  
vermin in the muck,  
I'm stuck like a word  
that no longer knows how to leave the mouth,  
I'm a leaf  
and I no longer know to fall,  
I no longer have time,  
there's no more time,  
and life passes by,  
and I  
reflect on it  
and cry.

Nu am timp de viață,  
trebuie să cad în gol,  
să cad, să mă scol,  
sunt frunză moartă-n drum  
spre pământ, sunt  
vierme în mocirlă,  
mă zbat ca un cuvânt  
ce nu mai știe să iasă pe gură,  
sunt o frunză  
și nu mai știu să cad,  
nu mai am timp,  
nu mai e timp,  
și viața se duce,  
iar eu  
mă gândesc la ea  
și o plâng.

**Spasmodic**

Will you sing me a song?  
I cannot sleep. I have tried,  
don't take me for a fool  
saying words, meaningless and cruel.  
Meaning's lost when I close my eyes,  
I cry when it gets dark,  
I die,  
and in my tiredness I lust  
for life, yet my life in sleep abides.  
Do you see my issue?

Damn it.

I say you're time, like the river  
of crude lines, I shiver  
at the bites I have been given  
by Time's teeth, laughter brute  
and simple.  
The hours are stretching as a chord,  
and I feel like it will snap.  
When it does, will the days contract  
and fall?  
When the time passes through me  
as I fail to pass it by,  
sounds of ripping  
flesh molesting my eyes  
closed and mind alive,  
will you hum a lullaby?

**While I Am Away**

There are things in this world I would rather not do.  
Things in this world I would rather not say.  
And yet I do them anyway.

And as I pay my dues and leave in debts,  
you're left behind  
    - I have left you behind.  
And as the flower grows within you,  
like a cancer,  
you alone wheeze wails in our emptied room,  
I am away, I am away,  
I hear you not;  
and it blooms out of your core,  
leaves you deserted,  
like I did.  
You remain the earth  
    it shall flourish on.

There are things in this world I would rather not do.  
Things in this world I would rather not say.  
And yet I do them anyway.

**Shadows and Ashes**

Sunflowers cannot look to the heavens any longer,  
so they turn to each other.  
Poor substitute for true flame,  
for only shadows dwell here,  
and ashes.  
Poor imagine  
of the fire,  
burn away like hyacinths.

The light goes out.  
The candle drowns in its martyrdom.  
In remembrance of the sun, it weeps.

**In the end**

In the end,  
there is only the branch,  
and the loop on the branch,  
and I hanging in it.  
I wonder if, in the end,  
I have loved too much,  
so much  
that I had to kill you,  
and then kill me also,  
for still it was  
not enough.

**Decay of a Flower**

I can see thy sweet dismay,  
when thou weepst in grief, in vain  
hoping for a marvel's change  
of words, of destine, of thy name.

I shout in ringlings out thy sorrow,  
Come!, forget the crown thou bear, of hollow  
knowledge, without wisdom, with no  
recollection of thy luce, a window.

Widower of thine own grace, thou criest,  
singular in thy domain, the chimes of death  
are singing on thy fate, they mourn thy loss,  
I mourn thy gain;

For face the Sun thou forced them to,  
and they were blinded by the light,  
the light too bright for their blind minds,  
they're not as thee, their souls are mild.

In timeless soil thou throwest thee,  
deserted beebalm, a star to be,  
to be forfeit by these poor people,  
to raise above them, and be vetoed.



**Perhaps the Winged-Fire**

The whistle is dreadful,  
and the sea is dreadful  
and your guise is whittled,  
your forgiveness whispered,

from which, lo, a fleet  
is risen from concrete -  
I've risen it from ash  
that I didn't know was here.

They're cajoled to unrepent,  
even after soft persistence -  
but it doesn't end,  
and they never listen.

It lies dormant  
until wakened again,  
ten times worse  
and ten times more scared -  
the dragon aflame  
or the serpent a-set  
who puts me to shame  
and leaves me no rest.

I wait for its blame  
and it never comes,  
so perhaps it's the same  
that I wait it to pass;

perhaps the fire dies;  
perhaps its wings burn up  
purged in their own light;  
perhaps the bird outcries  
its melody at last;  
perhaps I make it die;  
perhaps I'm mortified -

perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.

**Jerome**

Jerome,  
why do you talk?  
Why do you word your sense in me,  
why do you shine,  
why do you weep,  
why are your tears gems  
and why do they glisten?  
So they might whisper  
in desertness of your name,  
so they might mispronounce it  
with their tongues aflame;

Jerome,  
why do you walk?  
So that the sea may perish  
under your feet,  
so that they can see you,  
and then become replete;

Jerome,  
why do you smile?  
To torture me,  
to mystify  
a devouring discreet,  
to have me apologise  
for all I didn't plead.

Jerome.

*... Jerome ...*

Jerome,  
why do you cry?  
Whoever did this to you should surely die,  
but my fear's that it was I.



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